GLORIOUS CAPTURE

OF

Eight Dutch Ships of War,

And several Vessels with Troops on Board taken by Admiral Elphinstone, on August 17, 1796, near the Cape of Good Hope.

To which are added,

The Shepherd's Daughter.

Cupid the pretty Plough Boy.

The SAILOR'S RETURN.

Entered according to Order.

A New SONG upon the glorious Capture of eight Dutch Ships of War, and feveral Veſſels with Troops on board, taken by Admiral Elphinſtone on the 17 of Auguſt, 1796, near the Cape of Good Hope.

COME all ye valiant heroes,
and liſten unto me,
I'll ſing of glorious actions
performed on the ſea,
By brave Admiral Elphinſtone,
and gallant ſailors bold,
Who valne more their honour, boys,
than miſers do their gold.

CHORUS.

So a cruiſing we will go, will go,
a cruiſing we will go.
With brave Admiral Elphinſtone,
to fight the treacherous foe.

It was late in the Spring, brave boys,
Admiral Lucas he ſet ſail,
He came out of the Texel with
a fine and pleaſant gale,
He to the Cape of God Hope with
his ſquadron then was bound,
He thought the place for to retake,
and give us a fatal wound.
So a cruiſing we will go, will go, &c.

He got ſafe to Saldano Bay,
and then he did begin

To prepare for their landing,
thinking the Cape to win;
But General Craig was ready
the place for to defend,
So he laugh'd at the ſummons which
the Dutchman he did ſend.
So a-cruiſing we will go, will go, &c.

On the ſeventeenth day of Auguſt,
Elphinſtone he came in ſight,
With eight ſail of Britiſh ſhips,
which did the Dutch affright;
They curſed their hard fortune,
that ever they came there,
But as for the Dutch Admiral,
he was filled with deſpair
So a cruiſing we will go, will go, &c.

Then Elphinſtone unto the Dutch
a meſſage he did ſend,
That if they would ſurrender.
perhaps he might prove a friend,
But if they meant to fight him,
they for battle muſt prepare;
They doubted not but ſhortly they'd
be blown into the air.
So a cruiſing we will go, will go, &c.

For fighting they had no ſtomach,
and they could not get away
When eight Dutch men of war ſtruck
their colours on that day:
With tranſports, and their troops on board,
three thouſand fighting men,
Who ſhook their heads, and ſilent ſtood,
like ſheep thruſt in a pen
So a cruiſing we will go, will go, &c.

So drink a health to Elphinſtone,
and all his valiant men,
And may they in proſperity,
ſee England once again,
And bring home ſtore of riches
to ſweethearts and to wives,
In ſweet content and merriment,
lead happy, pleaſant lives.

CHORUS.

So a cruiſing we will go, will go,
a cruiſing we will go,
With brave Admiral Elphinſtone,
to fight the treacherous foe.

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a ſhepherd's daughter,
kept ſheep on yonder hill,
There was a knight and he was bright,
who fain would have his will.
Sing O ro malando,
Crying O ro follow me,
Go follow me to the begging green
My own dear Lamachree.

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
and has gently laid her down.
And when he got his will of her,
he took her up again. And, &c.

Now ſince you've got your will of me,
and brought my body to ſhame
You'll be ſo good kind Sir indeed
as tell to me your name And, &c.

Sometimes they call me Jack he ſays,
other times they call me John,

But when I'm in the king's court,
my name is ſweet William. And, &c.

Then ſhe took up her petticoats,
a little above the knee,
And ſhe's away to the king's court,
as faſt as ſhe could hie. And, &c.

When ſhe came to the king's court,
ſhe knocked at the pin,
There was none ſo ready as the king,
to let this maiden in. And, &c.

O what's your will with me madam?
O what's your will with me?
Sir there's a man into your court,
this day has robbed me. And, &c.

O has he robb'd you of your gold,
or yet your penny fee,
Or has he robb'd thee of thy maidenhead,
the flower of thy body. And, &c.

He has not robb'd me of my gold,
nor yet of my penny fee,
But he's robb'd me of my maidenhead,
the flower of my body. And, &c.

O its if he be a married man,
its hanged he muſt be,
But if he be a batchelor,
thy huſband he ſhall be. And, &c.

O the king has call'd out his merry men all,
by thirty and by three,
Sweet William he ſhould been foremoſt man,
the laſt man he but three. And, &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purſe of gold,
and told it on a ſtone,

Saying take up that my dearest dear,
and go thou thy ways home. And, &c.

I want none of your purse of gold,
you've told on a stone to me,
But I will have your fair body,
the king has granted me. And, &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
and told it in a glove,
Saying take you that my dearest dear,
go seek another love. And, &c.

I want none of your purse of gold,
you told in a glove to me,
But I will have your fair body,
the king has granted me. And, &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
and told it on his knee,
Saying take you that my dearest dear,
you'll get no more of me. And, &c.

I wish I had drunk of the water,
when I drank of the wine,
That e'er a shepherd's daughter,
should been a lover of mine. And, &c.

O when she came to her father's gate
where she did reckon kin,
She was the queen of fair Scotland,
and he but a goldsmith's son. And, &c.

CUPID THE PRETTY PLOUGH BOY.

AS I walked out one May morning,
when May was all in bloom,
I went into the meadow sweet,
to take the sweet perfume,

I went into the flow'ry field,
I turn'd my head a while,
Where I saw Cupid the plough boy,
who did my heart beguile.

As this young man was ploughing,
his furrows deep and low,
Breaking his clods in pieces,
some barley for to sow,
I wish the pretty plough boy,
my eyes had never seen,
'Twas Cupid the pretty plough boy,
with his arrows sharp and keen.

If I should write a letter,
my mind to him unfold,
Perhaps he'd take it scornful,
and say I am full bold,
I wish he would prove kinder,
return my heart again,
'Tis Cupid that pretty plough boy,
with his arrows sharp and keen.

A worthy rich young gentleman,
a courting to me came,
And because I would not marry him,
my parents did me blame,
Adieu, young man for ever,
farewel, for e'er adieu,
It is Cupid the pretty plough boy,
has caused my heart to rue.

The plough boy hearing the lady,
most sadly to complain,
Cried my dearest jewel,
I will ease you of your pain,
If you will wed a plough boy,
for ever I will be true,

It is you my heart have won,
and I love none but you.
The Lady soon consented,
to be his lawful bride,
So then they went unto the church,
and there the knot was tied,
So now they live in pleasure,
for they have gold in store;
The lady and the plough boy,
each other do adore.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pain they never felt,
We Sailors scorn disguise or art,
And with our hands bestow our heart.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their tongue the lye,
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover bless'd.

For this the sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast,
All dropping wet throughout the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes,
'Tis sweet rivers of joy she proves,
And clasps the tender lad she loves.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will prove kind,
Protect their beauty from all harms,
And they'll reward you with their charms.

FINIS.